

State Library, Franklin

THE POST.

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At Lebanon, Ky., By
W. W. JACK.

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Post's Corner.



For the Lebanon Post. An Ode.

Happy the heart which blissful beeth
In friendship's sweet, refreshing stream;
Whose waters bright, when trial scathe,
Through crystal days,
In air invites.

Happy the heart which shuns the smiles
Of earth's deceiving, false delights,
And all whose depth of baneful wiles
In air invites.

Happy the heart which breathes its strains
To God of gratitude and love;
Each moment blissful ages gains
In heaven above.

Happy the heart which always owns
Religion's mild, celestial sway;
For then 'twill shun on glorious thrones,
Through lasting day.

Marion, Co., Ky.

STANISLAUS.

For the Lebanon Post.

Smith O'Brien.

Though the sound of oppression has cruelly bound him,
And the star of his country has faded in sorrow;
Still the hearts of all Freedom men will ever surround him,
And thro' the dawn of a glorious morrow.

Let him hope—for the days of his tyrants are numbered,
In the scales of the Just One their kingdom is weighed;
And the genius of Freedom will rise where she slum-
ber'd.

And live amid glory that never will fade.
Marion, Co., Ky.

STANISLAUS.

Select Tales.

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

I have worshipped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so heavenly as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them.

If you will go with me now to a glen in the Highlands and a willow shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where years ago, there stood a rude bench, on which, many, times I have seen the fair girl I write of sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its very broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that know not whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses; never were tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D., you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high, and pure, and worshipful may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need I add that she was loved, for such as she lived on affection and die for lack of it! Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R. was the gayest, best-hearted fellow in the world, and had you seen him on his horse, by the side of Sarah D., you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in front of the large white house on the hill as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad calm forehead, the pale face and sparkling eye of Joseph S., as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that the fair girl might belong to that noble man even as I a boy, then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was traveled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky, with a longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny this immortality of the affections. Go reason with trees, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words, "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms into our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you, that annihilation would be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will

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NO. 15.

never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife-grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell, or at best it is a very simple story.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul.

He did not say much in her company, nor of her; but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with his eloquence. I have seen them seated on a bench by the side of the gentle stream; and have heard him lead her gentle soul, step by step, with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell how it happened—Joseph S., left his profession (which had been the law) and entered the ministry; nor am I able to state, though I might guess at the cause operating in his own mind.

The father of Sarah D., was not a religious man, and, I am sorry to say, was one of the small class of men, who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S., and was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture resulted the suspension of his visits at the house absolutely necessary.

They never had spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's affection, and what need of words to tell it? It would have been but a repetition of hack-nied phrases. And yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined, succeeded this command, during which they did not meet.

It was a moonlight night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy three years her junior,) and sat on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene and no sound disturbed, but the voice of the wind among the treetops made a pleasant music; and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. It was my first lesson in human suffering, and though I have learned it over and over since then, though the iron has entered my soul, and seared and scarred it, yet I have never seen, and do not believe I have ever felt more agony than those two felt, as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn "forever." She awoke at this word and exclaimed with startling vehemence—

"No, no, there is no such word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one."

"And what is earth?" Her tall form grew more quently, and her dark eyes flashed divinely, as she rose and exclaimed, in clear and silvery tones, "And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a trust, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land wait for me on the bank, and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the old seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, "take care of her W., and so I strove to recall the life that had left her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she awoke as we wake in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain, and a swimming, swollen, senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all, and raised herself with a half articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; and then fell on her knees by the bench, and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly an hour.

When she arose, her face was as the face of an angel. It was that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night; she was never well afterwards, and the next winter she passed at the South, returning in the spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S., was sent abroad by one of the boards of missions of their church, but his health failed and he resigned his commission, while he traveled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D. they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange truth that she was longing to keep on

the other side of the dark river which men shrink from. She grew feeble daily, as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house perhaps making calls; she returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend Joseph S.

The fair friend was reclining in a large arm chair, looking out through the closed windows at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible, as her mother mentioned the fact, which to her was the most solemn yet most joyous news the world could give; for, now, how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face, as the joyous news reached her ear; I saw her forehead raised to receive the caress which I knew she felt. She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I boyishly wept aloud. Then she smiled and looked at me with finger upraised, and said:

"Wait a little while longer, dear W."

And then, after a moment, she said—

"Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very, dear; why do you ask?"

"Because if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the graveyard. Are all the headstones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite well, that I am dying. I have not wished to live, only for one thing—I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death alone! But now I shall not. W. will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother, I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and father and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again, and so on, day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys, dear mother."

As she uttered the last two words, she put her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them, now there, now gone, yet each time it appeared it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy that I grew bewildered as I gazed and a strange tremor passed my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious cheek! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress escaping from its bond, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her opened lips. It hung there motionless. No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

THE CHARIVARI.

BY MISS. MOODIE.

It was towards the close of the summer of 1833, which had been unusually cold and wet for Canada, while Moodie, was absent at D—, inspecting a portion of his government grant of land, that I was startled one night just before retiring to rest, by the sudden firing of guns in our near vicinity, accompanied by shouts and yells the braying of horns, the beating of drums, and the barking of all the dogs in neighborhood. I never heard a more stunning uproar of discordant and hideous sounds.

What could it all mean? The maid-servant as much alarmed as myself, opened the door and listened.

"The goodness defend us!" she exclaimed, quickly closing it, and drawing a bolt seldom used. "We shall be murdered. The Yankees must have taken Canada and are marching hither."

"Nonsense! that cannot be it. Besides, they would never leave the main road to attack a poor place like this. Yet the noise is very near. Hark! they are firing again. Bring me the hammer and some nails, and let us secure the windows."

The next moment I laughed at my folly in attempting to secure a log hut, when the application of a match to its rotten walls would consume it in a few minutes. Still, as the noise increased, I was really frightened. My servant who was Irish (for my Scotch girl, Bell, had taken herself a husband, and I had been obliged to hire another in her place, who had been only a few days in the country), began to cry and wring her hands, and lament her hard fate in coming to Canada. Just at this critical moment, when we were both self-convicted of an arrant cowardice, which would have shamed a Canadian child of six years old, Mrs. O— tapped at the door, and although generally a most unwelcome visitor, from her gossiping, mischievous propensities, I gladly let her in.

"Do tell me," I cried, the meaning of this strange uproar?"

"Oh, 'tis nothing," she replied laughing; "you and Mary look as white as a sheet; but you need not be alarmed. A set of wild fellows have met to charivari Old Satan, who has married his fourth wife to-night, a young gal of sixteen. I should not wonder if some mischief happens among them for they are a bad set, made

up of all the loafers about Port H— and C—."

"What is a charivari?" said I. "Do pray, enlighten me."

"Have you been nine months in Canada and ask that question? Why, I thought you knew everything! Well, I will tell you what it is.—The charivari is a custom that the Canadians got from the French, in the Lower Province, and a queer custom it is. When an old man marries a young wife, or an old woman a young husband, or two old people, who ought to be thinking of their graves, enter for the second or third time into the holy estate of wedlock, as the priest calls it, all the idle young fellows in the neighborhood meet together to charivari them. For this purpose they disguise themselves, blackening their faces, putting their clothes on hind part before, and wearing horrible masks, with grotesque caps on their heads, adorned with cock's feathers and bells. They then form in a regular body, and proceed to the bridegroom's house, to the sound of tin kettles, horns, and drums, cracked fiddles, and all the discordant instruments they can collect together. Thus equipped, they surround the house where the wedding is held, just at the hour when the happy couple are supposed to be about to retire to rest—beating upon the door with clubs and staves and demanding of the bridegroom admittance to drink the bride's health, or in lieu thereof to receive a certain sum of money to treat the band at the nearest tavern."

"If the bridegroom refuses to appear and grant their request, they commence the horrible din you hear, firing guns charged with peas against the doors and windows, rattling old pots and kettles, and abusing him for his stinginess in no measured terms. Sometimes they break open the doors, and seize upon the bridegroom; he may esteem himself a very fortunate man, under such circumstances, if he escapes being ridden on a rail, tarred and feathered and otherwise maltreated. I have known many fatal accidents arise out of an imprudent refusal to satisfy the demands of the assailants. People have even lost their lives in the fray; and I think the government should interfere; and put down these riotous meetings. Surely, it is very hard, that an old man cannot marry a young gal, if she is willing to take him, without asking the leave of such a rabble as that. What right have they to interfere with his private affairs?"

"What indeed?" said I, feeling a true British indignation at such a lawless infringement upon the natural rights of man.

"I remember," continued Mrs. O—, who had got fairly started upon a favorite subject, "a scene of this kind, that was acted two years ago, at —, when old Mr. P— took his third wife. He was a very rich storekeeper, and had made during the war a great deal of money. He felt lonely in his old age, and married a young handsome widow, to enliven his house. The lads in the village were determined to make him pay for his frolic. This got wind, and Mr. P— was advised to spend the honeymoon in Toronto; but he only laughed, and said that he was not going to be frightened from his comfortable home by the threats of a few wild hobs. In the morning he was married at the church, and spent the day at home, where he entertained a large party of his own and the bride's friends. During the evening, all the idle chaps in the town collected about the house, headed by a mad young bookseller, who had offered himself for their captain, and, in the usual forms, demanded a sight of the bride, and liquor to drink her health. They were very good-naturedly received by Mr. P— who sent a friend down to them to bid them welcome, and to inquire on what terms they would consent to let him off, and disperse."

"The captain of the band demanded sixty pounds, as he, Mr. P—, could well afford to pay it."

"That's too much, my fine fellows!" cried Mr. P— from the open window. "Say twenty-five, and I will send you down a cheque upon the bank of Montreal for the money."

"Thirty! thirty! thirty! old boy!" roared a hundred voices. "Your wife's worth that. Down with the cash, and we will give you three cheers, and three times three for the bride, and leave you to sleep in peace. If you hang back, we will raise such a 'larum about your ears that you shan't know that your wife's your own for a month to come!"

"I'll give you twenty-five," remonstrated the bridegroom, not the least alarmed at their threats, and laughing all the time in his sleeve.

"Thirty; not one copper less!" Here they gave him such a salute of diabolical sounds that he ran from the window with his hands to his ears, and his friend came down stairs to the verandah, and gave them the sum they required. They did not expect that the old man would have been so liberal, and they gave him the 'hip, hip, hip, hurrah!' in fine style, and marched off to finish the night and spend the money at the tavern."

"And do people allow themselves to be bullied out of their property by such ruffians?"

"Ah, my dear! 'tis the custom of the country, and 'tis not so easy to put it down

But I can tell you that a charivari is not always a joke.

"There was another affair that happened, just before you came to the place, that occasioned no small talk in the neighborhood; and well it might, for it a most disgraceful piece of business, and attended with very serious consequences. Some of the charivari party had to fly, or they might have ended their days in the penitentiary."

"There was a runaway nigger from the States came to the village, and set up a barber's poll, and settled among us. I am no friend to the blacks; but really Tom Smith was such a quiet, good-natured fellow, and so civil and obliging, that he soon got a good business. He was clever too, and cleaned old clothes until they looked almost as good as new. Well, after a time he persuaded a white girl to marry him.—She was not a bad looking-looking Irishwoman, and I can't think what bewitched the creature to take him."

"Her marriage with the black man created a great sensation in the town. All the young fellows were indignant at his presumption and her folly, and they determined to give them the charivari in fine style, and punish them both for the insult they had put upon the place."

"Some of the young gentlemen in the town joined in the frolic. They went so far as to enter the house, drag the poor nigger from his bed, and, in spite of his shrieks for mercy, they hurried him out into the cold air—for it was winter—and almost naked as he was, rode him upon a rail, and so ill-treated him that he died under their hands."

"They left the body, when they found what had happened, and fled. The ring-leaders escaped across the lake to the other side; and those who remained could not be sufficiently identified to bring them to trial. The affair was hushed up; but it gave great uneasiness to several respectable families whose sons were in the scrape."

"Good heavens! are such things permitted in a Christian country? But scenes like these must be of rare occurrence?"

"They are more common than you imagine. A man was killed up at W— the other day, and two others dangerously wounded, at a charivari. The bridegroom was a man in middle life, a desperately resolute and passionate man, and he swore that if such ruff-raff dared to interfere with him, he would shoot at them with as little compunction as he would at so many crows. His threats only increased the mischievous determination of the mob to torment him; and when he refused to admit their deputation, or even to give them a portion of the wedding cheer, they determined to frighten him into compliance by firing several guns loaded with peas, at his door. Their salute was returned from the chamber window, by the discharge of a double-barrelled gun, loaded with buckshot. The crowd gave back with a tremendous yell. Their leader was shot through the heart, and two of the foremost in the scuffle dangerously wounded. They vowed they would set fire to the house, but the bridegroom boldly stepped to the window, and told them to try it, add before they could light a torch he would fire among them again, as his gun was reloaded, and he would discharge it at them as long as one of them dared to remain on his premises."

"They cleared off; but though Mr. A— was not punished for the accident, as it was called, he became a marked man, and lately left the colony, to settle in the United States."

"Why, Mrs. Moodie, you look quite serious. I can't however, tell you a less dismal tale. A charivari would seldom be attended with bad consequences if people would take it as a joke, and join in the spree."

"A very dignified proceeding, for a bride and bridegroom to make themselves the laughing stock of such people?"

"Oh, but custom reconciles us to every thing; and 'tis better to give up a little of our pride than endanger the lives of our fellow creatures. I have been told a story of a lady in the Lower Province, who took for her second husband a young fellow, who, as far as his age was concerned, might have been her son. The mob surrounded her house at night, carrying her effigy in an open coffin, supported by six young lads, with white favours in their hats; and they buried the poor bride amid shouts of laughter, and the usual accompaniments, just opposite her drawing-room windows. The widow was highly amused by the whole of their proceedings, but she wisely let them have their own way. She lived in a strong stone house, and she barred the doors, and closed the iron shutters, and set them at defiance."

"As long as she enjoyed her health," she said, "they were welcome to bury her in effigy as often as they pleased; she was really glad to be able to afford amusement to so many people."

"Night after night, during the whole of that winter, the same party beset her house with their diabolical music; but she only laughed at them."

"The leader of the mob was a young lawyer from these parts, a sad mischievous fellow; the widow became aware of this, and she invited him one evening to take tea with a small party at her house. He accepted the invitation, was charmed

with her hearty and hospitable welcome, and soon found himself quite at home; but only think how ashamed he must have felt, when the same 'larum commenced, at the usual hour, in front of the lady's house!"

"Oh," said Mrs. R—, smiling to her husband, "here come our friends. Really Mr. K—, they amuse us so much of an evening that I should feel quite dull without them."

"From that hour the charivari ceased, and the old lady was left to enjoy the society of her young husband in quiet."

"I assure you, Mrs. M—, that the charivari often deters old people from making disgraceful marriages, so that it is not wholly without use."—*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada*

Remarkable Voyage in the Air.

Tohn Wise, of Lancaster, Pa., made his 131st aerial voyage from Portsmouth, O., on the 3d inst. His balloon voyage was a remarkable one, and the grandest he ever performed, so far as magnificent sights are concerned. He ascended a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and soon rose to an elevation of 2,000 feet. While slowly sailing along at this elevation, by the range of a hill in Kentucky, three rifle shots were fired at him, one struck the car, but so very lightly that it did no harm. He believes the striking part was mere chance. Those who fired the shots, we have no doubt, did not imagine that there was a person in the balloon. Some exceedingly useful meteorological information was obtained by Mr. Wise in his voyage. These he states are as follows:

1st. Thunder storms have two plates of clouds, the upper discharging the contents whatever it may be rain, hail or snow.

2d. Sheet lightnings of an orange color, undulates silently between the upper and lower cloud, in a waving motion.

3d. The discharges of electricity take place in the lower cloud, (by discharges are meant thunder and lightning.)

4th. The distance between the upper and lower cloud is not less than 2,000 (this is mere eye measurement.)

5th. The uprising current was not continued higher than the lower cloud, and was rising and whirling as long as I was in the margin of the storm, being in it 25 minutes.

6th. The storm was much wider below than above, and the deposit diverging at least 25 deg. from perpendicular line.

7th. The deposition of hail and rain was thickest in the centre of the storm. I could not, of course, look through it, but I viewed one from its front, the other from behind its line of direction, and they both appeared the same.

8th. Under the shadow of the upper cloud it is very cold, and in the lower cloud it is quite warm.

9th. The upper cloud was moved by the current which always blows from west to east.

10th. Other causes than the upper current may affect the horizontal course of thunder storms so as to increase or diminish their violence.

I might deduce some data from what was so distinctly observed on this occasion but will for the present leave that to able hands, and particularly to Prof. Espy and the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Wise enjoyed the grand and terrific spectacle of looking down upon a war of the elements upon a scale of grandeur far surpassing Waterloo. We advise Prof. Espy and Dr. Hare to make a number of aerial voyages to settle their disputes. We think it would be a grand plan for them; much better than writing and printing long papers on the subject. Let them get up into the regions above along with Mr. Wise, and make observations. This point might be very useful to the Smithsonian Institution in getting meteorological information.

From the Olive Branch.

A sensible cotemporary says:—"The woman ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco."

So they had! but the deuce of it, all the handsome men use it in some shape! and 'kissing' is a little luxury not to be dispensed with! As to a female kiss, laugh! there's no effervescence in it! it's as flat as an unmix'd soda powder! If I'm flattered that way, I always take an early application of soap and water. You will see women practice it sometimes, just to 'keep their hand in' (lips I mean,) but it's a miserable substitute! a sham article! done half the time to tantalize some of the male audience! (I hope to be pardoned for turning 'State's evidence,' but I don't care a pin if I ain't!) Now, kissing is a natural gift, (not to be acquired by any bangles); when you meet with a gifted brother, 'make a note on't,' as Capt. Cutler says. There's your universal kisser, who can't distinguish between your kiss and your grandmother's—'laugh!—there's your philosophical, transcendental kisser, who goes 'through the motions' in the air, then there's—oh! my senses!—they say there's such a thing as 'unwritten music' and 'unwritten poetry'! I have my private suspicions there are 'unwritten kisses'!

FANNY FERN

Which affords a mean man the pleasure, to succeed in business himself, or to see another man fail



LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Aug. 11, 1852

Clubbing.

We are anxious that the *Post* should be read in every family in the counties of Marion, Washington, Taylor, and Green; and therefore we have concluded to put it to clubs of ten or over at \$1.50 in advance. We have come to this conclusion from the above named reason; for we must *and will* have as large a circulation as any country paper in the State, for we just have vanity sufficient to believe that we deserve it. Give us a good list, and we will enlarge before the year is out.

Apologetic.

Our subscribers at Bradfordville, will please excuse our seeming neglect. About two or three weeks ago, we made out a new subscription book, and from some unaccountable oversight, we missed the Bradfordville list. For two weeks back, we got a friend to write on the mails for us, and, of course the mistake was not discovered. Upon making up the mails ourselves last week we discovered, and rectified the mistake. We hope this apology will satisfy our subscribers at that point.

Monument to Henry Clay.

There is truly a laudable project on foot in this State, that of erecting a Colossal monument over the remains of HENRY CLAY, at Lexington. This is a project in which every one can participate. Every Kentuckian—yes, every American should look with pride upon the memory of "The Old Man Eloquent," as a man possessed of a great, a mighty mind. Political sins he may have had, but those, now that he is dead, should be buried with him, and those great and good qualities which he unquestionably possessed, when living, be emblazoned on the brightest pages of our country's history, as a landmark to future generations.

There are subscription papers in the hands of several persons in this, and all the other counties of the State; every one wishing to contribute their mite to this work can have the opportunity. Contribute, therefore, freely, yourself, and induce your friends to do so, likewise.

Mr. R. H. ROWEN, is the Chairman of the Committee of Solicitation in this county, and any information desired on the subject, can be had of him.

The citizens of Garrard county held a meeting in Lancaster, on Saturday the 21st of July; and expressed their disapprobation of the outrages perpetrated by the Hills and Evanses on *Law and Order*. They passed resolutions to the effect; 1st, that they deprecated the conduct of these two factions; and, 2ndly, that they would render the proper officers their aid in upholding the majesty of the law.

We think that this is a good move, and only wonder that it had not been done long since. Should they carry out their good intentions, we have no doubt that peace and quiet will once more reign in old Garrard.

LICENSE OR NO LICENSE.—At the election on last Monday in Washington county, the question was put to vote whether taverns should be licensed to sell liquor or not. We understand that there was a majority of 75 or 80 in favor of the license.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE AUGUST NUMBER OF THE CINCINNATI ARTISTS JOURNAL. This is a monthly issue put out by the Art Union of Cincinnati, and is sent to each subscriber during the year. It has come out in an entirely new dress, and presents a very handsome, and neat appearance. It has also changed its form, from a duo to a quarto, and contains a great deal of information, principally of the Arts and Artists; interspersed with well selected miscellany.

In conclusion, we would say, that we are the agent for the Art Union of Cincinnati, and any one wishing to become members, can do so by sending us \$5. Any information relative to the business, etc., of the Union, can be gained by calling on us.

During the last year, sixty two persons were burned at New York by Camphene and spirit gas explosions. It is estimated that half of them died.

THE UNITED STATES.—The receipts of the U. S. Government for the quarter ending June 30, amounts to \$11,174,316 97, and the expenditures for the same period \$8,923,671 97.

To Correspondents.

"Visitor," is informed of a fact that he appears to be ignorant, namely: that we do not publish a political sheet. The next time he endeavors to entrap anybody he is advised not to lay the bait so palatable. He certainly knew that we would not publish the article when he sent it, he merely wanted something to talk about. If it will add particularly to the interest of "Visitor's" conversations, to know to what political creed we belong, he is informed that we are a *Democrat*; so he need not "fret" any more.

"E. D. A." of Willsburg, is informed that if there is anything incorrect in the article he speaks of, he has the privilege of correcting it in a short article. We know of no authority he possesses to demand our author in that peremptory manner.

"S. R." of Louisville is requested to have the courtesy to p. p. on his next epistle. He is informed that his determination is to his loss not ours.

Election Returns.

The following are the official returns of the late election, as copied from the poll books. Giving Kerk a majority of 53.

	Kerk.	Goodrum.
Lebanon,	315	95
Bradfordville,	127	136
Fitzpatrick's,	141	109
New Market,	84	151
Raywick,	112	224
Liver's Springs,	84	95
Total,	863	810

On the Monday of the election, there was a horse got loose in town, and put out for home; there was a little boy who caught the horse, hitched it to his parent's fence, and fed it. Late at night, some one came, took off the saddle and bridle, and hung them on the fence, and they were found there next morning. The saddle and bridle are valuable, and the owner can have them by calling at our office and describing property, and rewarding the little fellow for taking care of them.

POLITICAL PRISONERS.—The Philadelphia Democrat, a German paper of Philadelphia, gives, as the amount of political prisoners now in Europe, calculated from the accounts given in European journals for some time past, a total of 76,680, without including those confined in Russia and Poland, the number of whom is left to conjecture.

DETENTION OF AMERICAN VESSELS AT TRINIDAD.—The brig *Cimbrus*, which arrived at Philadelphia on Thursday, was detained at the port of Trinidad de Cuba by the Captain of the port for two days, and searched for three young men who were missing, and said to be without passports. The search was made a second time, but without finding the missing men, when another American vessel was visited with like success. The Captain of the port exhibited a letter from the American Consul, authorizing him to make the search, but those engaged in American commerce there strongly protested against such a procedure.

THE LATEST LABOR SAVING MACHINE.—It is said that a Yankee has invented a potato digging machine, which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads up into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside whistling, "Hail Columbia," with his hands in his pockets.

MOVEMENTS OF U. S. VESSELS.—An order was received at the Brooklyn navy yard, on Monday morning, to place the frigate *Constitution* in readiness for sea. Workmen were immediately placed upon her, and she was taken into the dock. The sloop-of-war, *Warren*, brig *Dolphin*, and one or two other naval vessels lying at the yard, have been ordered to get ready for sea within a few days past. The Boston Traveler says that no orders have been received at that port to dispatch the U. S. ship *Albany* to the fishing grounds, as reported through the telegraph.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera still prevails in Rochester and Buffalo, New York, but it is somewhat abating.

The Cincinnati Commercial learns that there were eight deaths from cholera in Floating Palace, at Cannelton, a few days since.

At Toledo the cholera has proved very fatal among the foreign population, but has been almost confined to them.

Fifteen deaths from cholera occurred at Mt. Sterling, Ohio, last week.

TOBACCO IN WISCONSIN.—The Grant county Herald says that a gentleman has recently commenced the culture of tobacco in the interior of Richmond county, Wis. He manufactured, during the year past, and has now in the process of manufacture, about 14,000 lbs.

—Seventy five foreigners were naturalized in St. Louis, on the 1st week.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

ARRIVAL OF THE HERMANN.

New York, Aug. 3.

The Hermann arrived this morning from Southampton, having sailed on the 21st. The Niagara arrived at Liverpool on the 18th and the Pacific on the 21st.

The growing crops present a very fine appearance, and the weather is pleasant. The money market is unchanged. Funds are firm. Consols 100 3-8.

Arrivals of gold from Australia are abundant.

The English steamer *Parana* arrived at Southampton with \$800,000.

Louis Napoleon was received at Strasbourg on the 18th with extraordinary fetes, magnificent illuminations, a monster review and show light, and frenzied shouts of vive Napoleon, vive l'Empereur, and showers of bouquets.

Paris Bourse 20th.—4 1-2 per cent, 120 francs; 3 per cent, 62 francs, thirty. London, 20th.—Sugar—moderate business, prices stiffer and somewhat higher. There is a brisk demand for coffee. Tea heavy.

Washington, Aug. 3.

Horse—Took up the general appropriation bill.

An amendment giving \$75,000 for the purchase of books for the Congressional library was adopted.

After other uninteresting proceedings the committee rose, and the House adjourned.

SENATE.—A communication from the President relative to the fisheries was received, stating that Commodore Perry had been despatched with the Mississippi to the coast to protect the rights of American fishermen.

The document was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

Washington, Aug. 6.

SENATE.—Mr. Felch reported the Homestead, Bennett's land bill and Walker's land bill from the House, with recommendations they be not passed.

Mr. Seward offered a resolution asking of the President if information had been received from the King of the Sandwich Islands, accepting the sovereignty of the U. S.—Adopted.

Mr. Houston submitted a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five and inquire into the abuses, bribery or fraud, of prosecuting claims before Congress, or in retaining or granting contracts. Messrs. Houston, Borland, Underwood, Meriwether and Brooke, were elected.

The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and the appropriation to the Shawnees for land in Ohio was struck out. The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

Horse.—Mr. Ingersoll presented resolutions from the Pennsylvania Legislature in support of the Compromise and the Fugitive Slave law. They then resumed the bill relating the costs and fees of Clerks, Marshals and Attorneys of Circuit and District Courts, which was debated till the morning hour expired.

They then took up the general appropriation bill. Several amendments were offered and debated till the House adjourned.

Washington, Aug. 6, M.

A delegation of Pueblo Indians waited on the President to-day and narrated their grievances and the conduct of Mexicans. The President, in suitable terms, promised the protection of the Government. The Secretary of the Interior and a number of other government officials were present.

The amendment to the general appropriation bill proposing light house duties on English vessels was passed. It is believed this will settle the mackerel and codfish question.

Boston, Aug. 2.

The schooner *Golden Fleece* arrived here from Fayal, reports that the bark *George Washington* arrived at Fayal, fell in with, on June 15th, lat. 38, lon. 36, a wreck bottom up, which he found to be lumber laden, and apparently a ship, with hard pine bottom and live oak timbers.

Her stern was round, with gilt mouldings, and the name painted on it, but so obliterated that only the first and last letters, C and G, could be made out.

About a week previous and also at the time of seeing the wreck, fell in with wrecked stuff, and picked up a topsail yard with patent reefings, block drift lumber, barrels, &c.

TEHANTEPEC QUESTION.—CORRESPONDENCE CLOSED.—A special dispatch to the New York Times from Washington gives the following at the result of the correspondence on the Tehantepec question: Special Dispatch to the New York Daily Times.

Washington, Friday, July 30.

The Mexican Minister's last letter closes the correspondence on the Tehantepec Question. He has no proposition to make. The U. S. Government closes the matter by four points, viz: that the U. S. States has a right, under national courtesy, to a transit for peaceful purposes; that the Mexican Government and citizens will not open the route themselves; that the United States will not allow any foreign nation to control the transit; that this Government will not be indifferent to the reclamations of citizens under the grant to Garay.

N. Y.

Mr. Wm. Benner, a trader, blowed himself up at Washburn, Maine, last week, by lighting a keg of gunpowder. Polish

The Polish Murders at Philadelphia.

Our readers will remember, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, a statement published some weeks since, giving the details of a confession made by Matthias Skupinski to a countryman of his own, named Skawinski. The individual had formerly been acquainted with the elder Skupinski, and visited him at the Moyamensing prison. Mathias made a confident of him, and told him a fearful tale of crime and bloodshed in which he had been a conspicuous actor. According to this statement the aggregate number of persons murdered by him and his friends were not less than eighty, while thirty houses were burned by the same party. This confession was detailed to Mayor Gilpin by the recipient of the disclosure. The story was published in the newspaper at the time, and caused considerable sensation.

It now appears that Blaise, the younger of the wretched brothers, was shown the confession of Matthias at the time it was first published and acknowledged its truth. This endorsement he has not withdrawn since.

On Thursday last Matthias evinced some little signs of contrition and in the morning, in the presence of the Rev. Wm. Alexander, the chaplain of the prison and Mr. Louis Toussig, the sworn interpreter he made a full confession of his crimes. He said that he killed the boy Lehman by striking him on the head with the iron leg of a stove, and that he and Kaiser, cut up the body, Blaise he says was not present at the time. He told of a series of crimes which fully corroborated the statement made by Mr. Skawinski. To this terrible tale of blood, Matthias added the details of several fearful scenes, in which he and his companions were the actors.

On the afternoon of the same day, Matthias made another confession, which tallied with the first in all its shocking details. This second disclosure was made in the presence of Sheriff Deal, Deputy Sheriff Miller, Rev. Mr. Alexander, Mr. Anthony Fred, keeper of the prison, Mr. Henry C. Snyder, and Mr. Toussig, the interpreter. Matthias says that Blaise acted in concert with him and Kaiser in most of these outrages. From the story told by this monster, there is but little doubt that he and his associates were the perpetrators of the Cosden and Barile murders, and many others which have been involved in mystery.

The feeling of contrition evinced by the eldest of the brothers on Thursday appeared but temporary. During the recital of his misdeeds he displayed a great deal of fierceness and said that he was no worse than other folks. He murdered people, but the Americans murdered him; so they were all alike he contended. The number of murders and their horrible details of which Matthias confessed himself guilty, were so terrible as to fairly bewilder those who were listening to him.

During Thursday, the miserable brothers had an interview for the first time since they were sentenced. Blaise was taken into the cell occupied by Matthias. They embraced each other when they met, but neither of them exhibited the emotion which might be expected under the circumstances. They conversed freely in the Polish language. The burden of their conversation was of a recriminating character. Those who were present gleaned from what passed that they were compelled to leave England about two years since in consequence of crimes they had committed there. Blaise said he wanted to go to Russia but that in this he was overruled by Matthias who insisted on coming to the United States. The younger brother said he thought the worst place they could go to. They will have another interview on Thursday next, the day before that fixed for the execution of Matthias.

The prisoners were visited by two Catholic priests. Neither of the culprits seemed disposed to seek consolation in religion. The eldest, on every occasion, rails at the Americans for sentencing him to the gallows. As keeps strict count of the days as they pass, and watches with fearful anxiety for the coming of the time fixed for the expiation of his great crimes. No persons, excepting the two priests, and the authorities, are suffered to visit the condemned.—We understand that it is the design of Sheriff Deal, to execute the sentence of the law, upon Matthias, with his own hands.

SEIZURE OF A GLOUCESTER FISHING VESSEL.—The schooner *Wave*, Capt. Davis, arrived at this port on Friday from fishing. She reports that on Monday last, while lying at anchor near Sable Island, in company with schooner *Helen Maria*, Capt. Spinney, of this port, a British cutter boarded them, and on finding some fresh bait on board, seized the *Helen Maria*, and took her into Pubnico. The crews of these vessels were not fishing, and had no intention of evading the treaty. They had put in for the purpose of obtaining supplies, and because this fresh bait was found on board, she was taken possession of by the cutter.

The news of the seizure of one or more of our vessels is not unexpected when we have so many in that vicinity. We are surprised, however, that our government is so dilatory in regard to protecting the vessels in that quarter. Time enough has elapsed, we should think, since the issue of Mr. Webster's article, for several vessels to have been fitted and ordered into they British waters. That Mr. Webster will eventually settle the matter to the satisfaction of our fishermen, we have no doubt—but it will take time to do it. In the meanwhile our vessels may all be seized and condemned, if they have no one there to protect them! Does our government intend to permit this?

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Correspondence of N. Y. Tribune.

Whitehall, N. Y. July 28.

A horrible outrage has been perpetrated in this village within a few days past.

The papers here are slow to chronicle the deed, and I give you the facts as I learn them.

It seems that a young widow lady of French extract, a sufferer by the late fire in Montreal, left the city for Whitehall in pursuit of a home and employment. She came to Whitehall a stranger, and was accommodated in the French language by one of her countrymen. He offered to be her friend, and directed her where she might find work.—She accompanied him around a hill, and when distant from the village, becoming suspicious of her professed friend, fled to the first house she came to. Soon after, several persons came up, and charged the family that they had a "bad character" in the house, and if they did not drive her out, the house would come down. Upon this the stranger was requested to go to a house near by, where she would be protected. That place she reached in safety, but it proved that there was but one person at home, and she a timid woman. Here was no protection.

The ruffians came up, to the number of twelve or fifteen, and dragged the stranger back from the house some forty rods, gagged her, and subjected her to the most abominable outrage. She was held by brute force as their victim for hours, and left a frightful object of abuse—bruised, and even her ear-rings torn out and pocketed by the leader in crime. The woman was carried to a house, helpless, and is not yet out of danger.

The next day the whole village was aroused, and Constables placed on the track of the monsters. Several were secured. They proved to be mostly Canadian French, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. The youngest turned State's evidence, and related occurrences which were corroborated by a woman, too revolting to be read. At one time the populace could hardly be restrained from inflicting summary punishment on the outlaws. They were brought before Justice Hall, and nine of the number have been sent to Salem Jail. It is thought that ten years will be their shortest term in the State Prison.

THE HENRY CLAY.—The New York papers of Saturday publish a card from the owners of the steamer *Henry Clay* as follows:

To the Public: We ask at your hands a suspension of opinion for a few days, during which time we promised to satisfy all reasonable men that there was no racing between the *Henry Clay* and *Armenia*, at the time of the late accident, or on that day, and will prove an agreement entered into between the owners of the two boats, previous to their starting, that no trial of speed should be made while running together; and, furthermore, we will prove beyond all doubt, that the *Clay* was running at her regular speed, and no faster, and neither at the time of the disaster or at any previous time during the day, did the *Clay* carry so much steam as was allowed by her certificate, or as she has carried previously with perfect safety, and that everything was done by both officers and crew, that men could do, to save the lives of the passengers. We would state further that the *Henry Clay* always carried and had at that time, two good boats, of sufficient capacity to carry fifty passengers.

THOS. COLLIER.

WM. RADFORD.

J. F. TALMAN.

DOUBLE EXECUTION.—A telegraphic dispatch from Poughkeepsie, New York, of the 30th, says:

Ann Hoag and James Williams this day suffered the extreme penalty of the law in our court house. The former was convicted of the murder of her husband, Nelson Hoag, in the latter part of June, 1851, and the latter of the murder of his step-child by the commission of a rape in January last. The woman was 31 years of age, and the negro 27. Both declared their innocence and marched to the gallows with firm steps. The woman was convicted of poisoning her husband, and although she admitted he died from the effects of arsenic, she denied her guilt.—There was many interesting features in her case. She was a woman of noble appearance naturally shrewd and intelligent, but without education. The bodies of the two were this evening hurried in the grounds attached to our court house.

ALL A MISTAKE.—Mr. Sushnell, whom report has married to Catherine Hayes, is only wedded to her purse, not her person, as he unfortunately, for the credibility of the rumor, has an impediment to its fulfillment in the possession of one wife, and the laws of the country are somewhat strict in confining a man in matrimony to the single number.—Exchange.

HORROR HOT.—They have had very hot weather at Springfield, Mass. The heat must have been intense, judging from its effect on the Republican, which is thrown by it into an alliterative spasm—thus:

"Yesterday was hot. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean women leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and sozzling shirt-collars, and sticky shirts, stuck to such sap heads as stined in the sun. Babies bawled busily and bit bobbins and bodkins till bed time. Literary gentlemen who undertook a heavy task of alliteration became exhausted in the middle of a weather paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot."

AMOS LAWRENCE AND HIS CLERK.—Professor Tatlock, in a lecture, before the North Atkins Lyceum, lately, related the following anecdote:

About forty years ago a young man, with limited capital, commenced business in the city of Boston, and was obliged to employ a single clerk on a small salary.—A lady called at his store one day, and made some purchases, which she wished to be delivered at her residence. The merchant requested his clerk to deliver the bundle. He declined. The merchant immediately took the bundle, and delivered it, as directed. The clerk was never worth a thousand dollars in his life; the merchant—Amos Lawrence—is now a millionaire.

Died.

IN this place, on Monday, the 9th inst., Mrs. MARTHA ANN PORTER, aged 52 years; after a painful and protracted illness, 47 St. Louis, Boonville and Independence papers will please copy.

New Advertisements.

Last Notice.

DEAR FRIENDS, It has at last become necessary for me to leave this country. Therefore, I would politely request all those indebted to me, either by note or account, to call and settle the same, by the 20th inst. or next. All who wish to save costs, would find it to their advantage to do so, for after that time, all notes and accounts unpaid, will be placed in the hands of proper officers for collection. Bear in mind my friends, that this is the only notice that will be given you.

JAS. A. EDMONDS.

Cheap.

SODA for 15 cents per pound at the Drug Store. Lebanon, Ky., August 11, 1852.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM my farm, near Lebanon Ky., about the 1st of August, 1850, a horse, young Bay Mare. All the marks in it remember are: there is a white spot on one of her hind feet, and her mane turns to the left side. I will give a liberal reward to whoever delivers her to me.

OBE D. WALSTON.

INSURANCE.

FIRE, MARINE AND INLAND By the undersigned Agent for the PROTECTION INSURANCE CO.,

OF

Hartford, Conn.

Policies issued upon the most favorable terms by E. F. SHACKELFORD, Agent for Lebanon and Marion County, Ky., August 11, 1852.

WEATHERFORD HOUSE IN HUSTONVILLE, KY., FOR SALE.

I WILL offer this valuable property at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, on Friday, the 17th of September, 1852, together with all its FURNITURE, consisting, in part, of 20 large Beds and Bedsteads; Bureaus, Wardrobes, Wash Stands, Chairs and Tables; Glass, Stone and Queensware; 8 good Stoves; one No. 1 Co k Stone; And in fact, everything that belongs to a well furnished Tavern House;

2 good Buggies and Harness; one Carriage, nearly new; 2 good Milch Cows; 2 head of Horses, &c. The House fronts 140 feet, with 24 large rooms, all in good repair—one of which is a well finished Store Room; a good Kitchen, Negro-house, Milk, Smoke and Wash house; a fine Livery Stable, Carriage-house, Stock-Lot and Shed, with a Well of water at the Kitchen door, and one in the Stock Lot, of the best kind. As I have been keeping Tavern but a short time, my Furniture, &c., is all mostly new and of good quality.

All the above property can be bought of me, with the exception of the Stock and Vehicles, privately for about \$5,000, and any industrious man can make the money clear with it in two years. My business in this house for the year ending January 1st, 1852, was, For Travellers and proceeds of Bar, \$4,331 11 For Boarders by the year, 251 00 For " " week, 271 50 Hire of Horses and Buggies, 187 25

Total, \$5,540 80 And my business thus far in the present year is 50 percent better than last year. I have now, and they wish to continue, 20 year Boarders, besides some 8 week and day Boarders.

Owing to the continued increase of my business, and the bad health of my wife, I am compelled to sell and quit keeping Tavern, very much against my will. The business of this House is bound still to grow better. The Turnpike from this place to Danville is almost finished, and so soon as completed there will be a Coach put on it. The great South-eastern Railroad from Danville to Ashland, Tenn., cannot miss this town more than one mile, if at all. So, gentlemen, any of you who have healthy wives, and want to make money very fast, come and give me a trade. I have tried a little of almost all kinds of public trade, and this business makes money come faster than anything I have got into.

Thus, I will sell the House and Lot, with all its appurtenances, for one-third in hand; one-third in 6 months, and the remainder in 12 months. The house property on a credit until the 1st day of January next, for all sums over ten dollars; under that amount, cash in hand. Bonds with good security will be required of purchasers before the property is removed, and possession given of the Tavern property immediately.

Reference as to the character of this House. Danville—J. T. Boyle, F. T. Fox, John F. Zimmerman, Judge Bridges, James M. Nichols and A. H. Owings. Stanford—James Wilson, John J. Huffman, and Harvey Helm. Crab Orchard—James Hope and Dr. Reese.

Perryville—Henry Gray and J. H. Walker. Jamestown—N. B. Stone and W. S. Patterson.

Columbia—R. T. Coffey, Junius Caldwell, Judge Wheat and T. Cravens. Springfield—Rich. Cornie and Robt. Simms.

Liberty—C. R. Coffey, Joel Sweeney, Mr. Bell and F. C. Whip.

H. M. WEATHERFORD. Hustonville, July 30, '52. Southern Gazette and Lebanon Post insert all sale, and charge. H. M. W. August 11, 1852.

Select Poetry.

I cannot Live without Thee.

BY JANET DE BOURG.

"They have called thee strong as Death, O Love,
But mightier far thou art."—HEMANS.
I cannot live without thee,
Come as when free from guile,
And twine thine arms about me
And smile on me the while.

I cannot live without thee,
Thus ever on me gaze;
I ne'er again will doubt thee
Thou loved of early days.

I cannot live without thee,
For weary, dim, and vain—
Were Heaven itself without thee,
Then leave me at again.

I cannot live without thee,
And see thee brightly smile,
On fairer forms around thee,
Needless of me the while.

I cannot live without thee,
Why wilt thou go? Oh, why!
I will not live without thee,
'Tis easier far to die.

Miscellaneous.

Courting in Right Style.

"Git out, you nasty puppy, let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally to her lover Jake—who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I ain't techin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuthin'—do yer?"

"No I don't."

"Cause you're too tamed scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pig-toed, ganglie-kneed owl you—you ain't got a tamed bit o' sense; git along home with you."

"Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will sue your'n for that cow he sold him 't'other day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake—if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as if you thort I was pizen."

"How on nuth is that Sal?"

"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you really had some of the bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you spose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you? No; they're made for practice results, as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss, and suck like."

"Well, side Jake drawing a long breath, if I must I must, for I love you, Sal, and so Jake commenced sidling up to her like a maple piker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss—that is acting like a white man order."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes," exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any apple sass ever warm made, a darned sight. Crack e-e! lunk-e-e! slap-jacks and lasses ain't no whar long side of you, Sal—oh how I love you!" Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoofs out of the mire.

Irish Wit.

A couple of Irishmen who had not long been in this country met at an inn and called for dinner. As it happened there was a dish of horsedish grated for dinner. Pat, thinking it was something to be eaten with a spoon, put a large spoonful in his mouth.—The tears immediately filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. His companion saw it, and said:

"Pat, what is the matter?"

"I was just thinking of my poor father; that was hanged in swate Ireland," answered Pat.

But Jenny soon filled his mouth with the same, and as the tears gushed from his eyes also, Pat says:

"What's the matter—what has happened to ye?"

"Ah," says Jenny, "I was just thinking what a pity it was that you were not hanged when your father was."

A Good Report.—A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road side.

Passing a country tavern where were collected together some dozen countrymen the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on.

The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse?

"Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher and stops whenever he hears the calves bleat."

The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

A Scene.

A library—a gentleman deeply engaged in study—and a lady, pretending to knit, is perplexing him with her questions.

Lady (in the clauding affectionate style)—Ma deah! correctly speaking what is a dentist.

Gent. (short, sharp, and rather cross)—Dentist is derived from *dent*, French the teeth. Dentist is a man who pull teeth out.

Lady (after knitting once around, in order to give the gent. time to become immersed in his book again)—Ma deah! you said this morning that Professor Misty was a great linguist. Is not linguist derived from the Latin *lingua*, a tongue?

Gent. (tightly)—Yes.

Lady—Well, then, is a linguist a man who pulls tongues out?

Gent. (very decidedly)—No, Ma deah! I wish to Heaven he did!

Humor in Parbo.

The most miserable man in this world, is an honest man over head and ears in debt.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly to make enemies by frowns.

If in conversing you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction.

The wives along the Mississippi never blow up their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it sooner or later.

An English paper says that the Dutchess of Southland frequently wears upon her person jewels amounting in value to nearly half a million sterling.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

It is said that Uncle Tom's Cabin is now in course of publication in England, in four different editions. One of them is to be finely illustrated.

A discontented Benedict, who has achieved a blank in the cannibal lottery, horrifies us with the following libellous effort: Why is matrimony like a maiden? Because (emphatically) it is a dam sel.

The last story is, that the sable Emperor of Hayti has sent to Paris for a new lot of furniture, and that he desires to make Lola Montez his Queen. Here, then, is another triumph for the Countess, by no means to be sneezed at.

So necessary is fun to the mind, that a late philosopher says if you should build schools without play grounds, nobody would ever get beyond short division in a life-time.

Whether you are sailing through rivers or society, always avoid the flats, that is, if you don't wish to get stuck, mentally as well as otherwise. Remember that it requires more tact to converse with one fool than a dozen wise men.

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins." "I know it, Mr. Green, and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example." It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Green took the hint, and did not repeat his visit to Miss F.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Be jabbers, I had a brother," said Pat, "that went to Botney Bay, an' faith, I know it was greatly against his own will."

"I should think these omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day," observed Sam. "Well yes," replied Seth, taking a squint at them, "they do appear to be tired."

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said the carpenter to a rather green lad he had taken for an apprentice.

"All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad promptly. "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

A commercial traveler, passing through Westonsland, near Bridgewater, England, seeing a sign over the door with this one word—"ACQUAINTANCE," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything; but that "Agnes were cured here."

Nature is a good book-keeper, says a shrewd writer in an exchange, she neglects nothing, but sets down everything to our credit, and debits us with everything. There is not an eighth part of a cent that escapes her notice. The items are small but when they are added up, the bankrupt constitution, prematurely figured, shows the heavy balance against transgressors.

Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

The road which ambition travels has this disadvantage; the higher it ascends the more difficult it becomes, till at last it terminates on some elevation too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety, too sharp for repose, and where the occupant, above the sympathy of man and below the friendship of angels, resembles in the solitude if not the depth of his sufferings, a Prometheus chained to the Caucasian rock.

The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning the man said: "You can easily get it fixed."

"Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar."

"Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor!—here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

A BROAD HINT.—At a party the other evening, the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the other convenient subject besides the weather, when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously (as she explained) said—

"If I were you, and you me, I would have been married long ago."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked the beau.

"I don't know," replied the belle, "but I feel as if I ought to be."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the beau.

"I don't know," replied the belle, "but I feel as if I ought to be."

Mules.

We notice that large droves of mules are being brought to Kentucky from Missouri, to be pastured on our luxuriant grass, and then sold at the South as Simon Pure Kentuckians. A great State this—great for its grass, its mules, horses, cattle, men, and women too! The soil is propitious to the growth and full development of all the animals of the temperate zone—only accepting dandies and loafers!—Cynthia News.

Love in the Kitchen.

Jeames (to the house-maid)—"Dearest Mary! will you haccept this bustin' art?" Cook (behind the scenes)—"Oh! the minx. Oh! the ogeus willain! it was the good things of the pantry he was a courting of, and not me."

Mr. G. was a most inveterate punster. Lying very ill of the cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young, tender chicken. "Hadn't you better have an old hen?" said G. in a low whisper, (he was too ill to speak louder) "for she would be more apt to lay on my stomach!" G. fell back exhausted, and the nurse fainted.

It is an error to consider blunt, plain-speaking folks as the most single-hearted and honest.—They get the credit of having first-rate consciences. So they have. The running machinery is complete, but somehow the spring and balance wheel are wrong, and the mechanism almost always goes in the strain-at-a-knot-and-swallow-camel style. It is our rule to trust civil men rather than clownish, other things being equal.

Dickens, in the "Bleak House," thus speaks of a "feminine gender" of his acquaintance:—

"After a short interval, a tap at the door was heard, a moment after which a dark eyed, shy village beauty came in—so fresh rosy, yet delicate bloom, that the drops of rain which had beaten on her hair, looked like the dew-drops upon a flower freshly gathered."

A Frenchman, stopping at a tavern, asked for Jacob.

"There is no such person here," said the landlord.

"Tis not a person I want, sare, but de beer warmed with de poker."

"Well," answered mine host, "that is all right."

"Ah! yes sare, you are in de right; I mean Philip."

Sally, you seem to be ignorant in geography; I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, "marriage is a civil contract." Parse marriage. "Marriage is a noun because it is a name. And though Shakespeare asks what's a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the Bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name." "Good!"—Well, what is the case of marriage?" "Don't know, sir." "Decline it, and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made the promise I have. I'd rather conjugate."

GOOD FOR A SHAPE.—During the Shiplaster days, a well-known French barber in Washington, issued certain peppery bit notes, which perported on the face to be redeemable in specie, at sight, when presented in sums of not less than five dollars; or singly good for a shave at his establishment. One day, while occupied in lathering a customer, he was accosted by a boy, who merely held out to him two of his notes.

"Got you wants—eh?" inquired Monsieur.

"Master says I'm to get a shilling for these two notes, sir."

"A shelling! Par dieu! cannot your master read? Does he know vat the note say, payable ven presented in sums of not less than five dollars. Go back to your master and tell him to read it."

As the boy vanished the little barber looked after him and ex-laimed—

"I do not zink zat he will come back. Ze note say in sums of five dollars, and I only issue four dollars and seventy-five cents."

BATTLE FOR A WIFE.—Most people who have been to Corfu have heard of or seen a woman, who for some years past has been styled *la belle vitana*, "the beautiful peasant." She keeps a wine shop, about five miles from town, near the shore of the Venetian harbor. She is a widow, not more than thirty years of age, although she has already buried three husbands.—However, there were so many candidates to fill the office of fourth, that continual quarrels have taken place. About a month since a gun charged with slugs was fired through the keyhole of her door and wounded one of her suitors. The police, in order to discover who was likely to be actuated by jealousy, got a list of her admirers from the fair widow, which then amounted to fifteen, all of whom had proposed marriage, besides three other hangers on. It appears that the number must have increased, for the next week a party of twenty-five armed men attacked her house in the night, wounded severely some of the people who were within, including the fair lady, who was stabbed in the neck after having suffered more brutal outrages from three of the gang. Five suspected persons were apprehended next day, and the woman was sufficiently recovered to come into town and give evidence against them.—N. Y. Sun.

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Candies, Kisses, Dates, Prunes, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Figs, received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

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30 Jars Pickles, 25 Jars Preserves, Fresh Peaches, Preserved Peaches and Quinces, Pea Nuts, Cream Nuts, Filberts and almonds, Oysters and Sardines, Soda Biscuits, &c., &c. received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of COOKING STOVES of the very latest and best patterns. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock. Also, 6 and 10 plate, and Parlor Stoves, of any pattern desired, can be furnished on the shortest notice.

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Of every description, kept constantly on hand. Also, Brass Stew-Kittles of the very best quality. And other articles usually found in a Tinner's shop.

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By D. W. Strader.

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No pains or expense will be spared in order to render the guests of the house comfortable and at ease, and therefore a share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Sept. 20, 1851, 3m.

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My motto shall be, "Small profits and quick sales, for cash;" in a word, I will furnish any amount of Groceries at a small per cent on cost and carriage.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange at liberal prices.

J. R. JENKINS

Springfield, Ky., Oct. 4, 1851, 6m

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3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10.00

4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5.00

5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2.00

6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 8.00

For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

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